

## Want or Need by [explicit\\_slug](#) ([big\\_slug](#))

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**Summary:**

Maxine and Eleven put their pet in his place.

## Want or Need

### Author's Note:

Just a little blurb more or less, because I really enjoy orgasm denial stuff. I really hope to get back with some longer fics soon, but with some very unpleasant personal stuff looming on the horizon I can't really focus so well.

Anyways, this was fun writing, and I'd like to explore the topic some more in the future. Enjoy!

„Don't tell me you're still at it.“

„You're not seriously surprised? You know this is my favorite pastime of all.“ Max flashed a cheeky grin over her shoulder. „Now don't get dressed just yet, sweetheart.“

El had just shed her towel and was now reaching for the underwear drawer, but she stalled at Max's words. „Why? It's not like he can see me anyways.“

Tears had soaked through the sleep mask Mike was wearing as a blindfold. He was kneeling on the bed, his wrists bound behind him to his ankles, forcing him to lean slightly, back arched and chest pushed out. Quite a sexy sight, actually. Between his legs, his cock was bobbing, an angry red thing relentlessly teased by Max. By now the redhead must have spent a full hour just lightly running a soft little paintbrush up and down the underside of Mike's dick. Of course, he was merely a quivering mess by now.

„Mikey...“ Max crooned. „In case you haven't picked that up, El is totally naked right now.“ In response, Mike made a weak sobbing-

gargling sound. This got worse when Max ceased the teasing of his cock. „Ellie, come here for a second. Sit with me.“

As El sat on the bed, she could see the quite sizable puddle of precum right in front of Mike. She could also hear his puppy-like squealing. Max immediately started toying with El's nipples, and El played along. „Oh, Mike, she's touching me. That feels *so good*. It's really a shame you can't see it.“

„Her skin is all pink and tender from that hot shower.“ Max continued. „Really sensitive. Oh, and I think she's getting wet now. Imagine what it would feel like to push that little dick of yours into El's hot pussy.“

„P-Please!“ the plea escaped Mike.

El fully climbed on the bed now. She circled just her thumb and index finger around their pet's aching dick and gave him one slow stroke. „Please *what*, honey-bun? Oh, don't say it. That's your selfish male instinct kicking in, isn't it? All you can think about is your own pleasure, and we all know that's why we have to keep you locked up. Remind me, when was the last time you got to cum?“

„Six- Six d-days ago, ma'am.“ Mike sobbed weakly.

„And when did I last cum?“ El inquired. After all, it was his job to make that happen.

„T-This morning, ma'am?“

Max stomped her foot on the floor. „There we have it! No, Mikey, you didn't make El cum this morning! When I look at you, all I can see is a selfish little brat who'd mindlessly fuck any hole in sight if we didn't keep him under control. When we're done here, your cock is going straight back in its cage.“

„But ma'am!“ Mike complained. His dick bobbed up and down desperately, aching for attention. „I need-“

„You *need*? “ Max struck him right across the cheek. „What do you *need*, Michael? Do you need to cum? Ellie, does he *need* to cum?“

El clacked her tongue. She was feeling quite devious now, and she shook her head. „I think it would be best if we reminded our little pet what exactly it is he needs. It seems to me, he still doesn't quite get the difference between *needing* and *wanting*.“

While El went for their toy drawer, Max ordered Mike into position. „Face down, stick out your ass *now*. Don't give us a reason to punish you.“ No whining or complaining on Mike's part could change what was about to happen, and he had learned not to fight it.

El placed a sheet of plastic tarp under Mike as not to ruin the bedsheets, then she handed Max the toy and lube. „Do you want the honors?“

The toy, of course, was that one prostate stimulator that worked so well on Mike. It had taken them quite a while to find one that could properly milk him, and it was only when they tried a smaller and cheaper model that success was theirs. This one didn't even vibrate, instead relying on Max moving it for stimulation or pressing a vibrator against it. Once she had lubed it up, it was quite easy to insert. At first Mike only let a small groan slip, but a minute later he was already murmuring. As El leaned closer, she could hear a low chant of „Please, please, no... no... please...”

„Aw, don't worry.“ El crooned while Max moved the toy in Mike's ass. „We just figured you need to be put in your place again. See, there it comes.“ Satisfied, she grinned as the first thick glob of cum dribbled from Mike's neglected cock. „That's all you need, isn't it? That's all it takes to keep you nice and healthy, draining all that cum every now and then.“

„No orgasm required.“ Max hummed. „You better be grateful I even let your dick out of its little cage. Next time we might keep you locked for this.“

Mike sobbed. „No... no, please...”

„Pleading again...” El raked her fingers through Mike's dark hair. „It's like you're hardly even learning! If we want to milk you for our own fun, there's nothing you can do about it, is there? All this self pity will just make you a miserable boy. Be grateful that we touch you at all.“ Now his cum was flowing out of him in a steady stream, and El would never *not* be impressed by the amount he could come up with. A week in his chastity cage and he was almost bursting at the seams.

This state was how Max and El liked their pet the most; Desperately

horny, totally in the dark about when he would next be allowed to orgasm. Usually they made sure to let him cum once a week, naturally with at least half an hour of teasing each day, but now that Mike was being milked, El could imagine they'd lock him for a few days extra once they were done here. Throwing off the rhythm from time to time was important, as it kept Mike on his toes.

„Why are we doing this, honey?“ Max asked sweetly. „Come on, say it.“

„B-Because- because you e-enjoy it, ma'am.“ Mike squealed.

„Correct. But also to get a point across. You said you *need* to cum, yet here we are, proving again that you were lying. Never assume we'd do you any harm, sweetie. We know that all of that stuff has to come out at some point, just remember that it's entirely up to us *how* exactly that happens. I think what you were really trying to say is you *want* to cum. Isn't that right?“

Mike's entire body was shaken by the tremors of pleasure that his sweet spot was radiating. El couldn't know how he was feeling right now, but judging from the way he was crying, this was torture to him. As she understood it, an orgasm was just out of reach for him. The dribbling was slowly coming to a stop now, but Mike's cock was as hard and needy as ever. „Yes. Yes, ma'am.“

„Then say it.“ El demanded. She waved at Max to pull the toy out and let Mike sit on his calves again. „Tell us what you want.“

„Ma'am, I- I-“ Mike stammered. „I want to cum. Please, ma'am, I

want it so bad!“

„Well, do you think you deserve to cum?“

Mike fell silent. The fact alone that he didn't immediately say yes told El all she needed to know. At least he was aware that tonight he wouldn't get lucky. After a while, Mike lowered his head. „I've been g-good this week. B-But not exceptional. I think I... don't deserve to cum.“

Max removed the tarp from the bed. For now she put it on the floor, making sure that none of Mike's mess spilled on the carpet. „I must say, honey, that was a sensible answer. I guess it's time to clean you up now.“

While Max was gone fetching a washcloth, El couldn't pass on the opportunity to touch Mike again. „You know...“ She gave him some very slow strokes. „If I'd make you orgasm now, you'd probably cum dry, and it'd be *so amazing*. I bet you'd pass out. You're a good boy, Mike. Two or three more good days might earn you a bit of fun.“

Max returned soon with the cold wet washcloth. She was quite merciless with it, cleaning Mike's dick somewhat roughly to make it go soft enough to fit in its cage. Once it was locked up, it immediately tried to get hard again, and Mike whimpered at the sensation of having his erection denied by the shiny metal bars of the cock cage.

„Now here's the deal.“ El announced. „You can prove that you're extra good by fucking us with your strapon. That way you can

pretend to have sex with us, but without the unnecessary mess. Would you do that for us, sweetie?“

„Anything!“ Mike immediately began rambling. „Please, ma’am. I want to make you cum. I’m sorry I didn’t think of asking for it this morning! Please, I know you enjoy the strapon.“

Very gently, El removed the blindfold, revealing to her Mike’s puffy eyes, all red from crying so much. And Max had already gotten the strapon from their special drawer.

### **Author's Note:**

Alright, now that the dust has settled from my personal issues:

1. Thank you for the comments! I'd usually respond individually, but for the sake of efficiency: There aren't any concrete plans right now to continue this, but I do like the idea that the three of them might switch roles.

2. Something that I forgot with this fic is to switch off anonymous commenting. I really don't like it, but currently it seems to be necessary in this fandom, at least with certain pairings. I'm well aware that one person is behind all of this, and while it was entertaining for a while, now it just bothers the shit out of me. Sorry if I'm so direct.

3. I really don't have anything more to say. But I want to end on a positive note. Thank you, thank you, thank you for your understanding!